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AMANDUS MORRIS.

(BY THE AUTHORESS OF "LETTERS FROM BELGIUM.")

Amandus Morris is the eldest of seven little boys, the children of a Belgian farmer. He has also three sisters who are older than himself.

The father and mother of these ten children live in a small farm, and have great difficulty in earning a living for so many young children.

The father is very industrious, and works early and late to spare hiring workmen to help him on his farm. He spares himself almost every little indulgence, in order to put by all he can to buy tidy clothing for his children. Drinking only a little skim milk and water, when other men would take beer; and eating eggs with his potatoes, on days when other farmers take meat. The mother, too, spares no pains to manage her large family, and by her good order and arrangement they are all healthy strong children, though they live sparingly. And though no one has less than Mary to buy clothes with, her children are as neatly and tidily dressed when they go out to church or elsewhere, as other persons children who have much money to spend.

All this, however, is not done without great industry. She rises at four o'clock every morning, and gets through her farm work early enough to sit down to her spinning and mending long before noon.

It is a pleasure to go in and see the family all hard at work. Each girl has one of the little ones sitting at her knee in a low chair, and the mother has a third, which plays with some childish toys in their lap, which they render amusing by talking or singing about while they knit or sew. Mary says they are more easily managed when thus separately amused, and no one's time is lost in minding them. The youngest girl still goes to school, and when she comes home her work is to nurse the baby, which sleeps while she is away. The three oldest boys go also to school, and that is Mary's play time, she says; for when the boys are at home, they are always in some mischief, do what she will.

But my story is about 'Mandus, as they call him.

When 'Mandus was a very little boy, he was thought to be very stupid. Nobody could ever make him learn even his prayers. Always he must kneel at some one's knee, and have every word repeated over to him; and if he learnt a sentence or two of the Lord's prayer or the apostles creed one week, he forgot it the next. He never could be made to know the act of faith, from the act of hope; nor the act of hope, from the act of charity; and as to a letter in a book, no one could ever make him learn it.

His parents thought they would not send him to school till he was seven years old to spare their money, because they thought so stupid a child would do no good by going while younger.

'Mandus showed he had sense enough for play, however, and the veriest monkey did he become for tricks and mischief.

His father threatened to take him to market and sell him with the pigs. And his mother declared if she could only find a customer for him, they should have him for nothing, and she would even add something out of her pocket to the buyer.

Sometimes he climbed to the top of the highest trees, and stood on thin branches to get birds' nests, frightening his poor mother out of her wits to see him, and tore his clothes to ribbons getting down again. Sometimes he milked the cows into his mouth as they fed down in the meadows. Sometimes he got into the barn, and unbound the trusses of hay his father had bound ready to take to market.

Sometimes he threw sticks at his father's choice fruit, which the poor man was saving for the market, to gain a few francs by. Sometimes he knocked off the fine codling apples from a neighbour's tree, just for the pleasure of seeing them swim away in the water, over which they hung, for he could not get at them when he had knocked them off. Sometimes he threw sticks over to the neighbour's goats, and made the poor woman afraid to leave them alone while the family went to church every morning. Whole bundles of sticks did she pick up and carry in to show Mary how much mischief he might do, should he hit the poor things. Then 'Mandus was scolded and threatened, and sent to bed without any supper, only to get up the next morning to be as naughty as ever.

As he grew up to be near seven years old, the pastor found, by looking over the parish book, (which every priest must keep to prevent any one of his parishioners from being unknown to him), that this farmer must have a boy nearly old enough to go to school and catechism. He went therefore to look after him, and persuaded his parents to send him to school immediately.

To school, therefore, he was sent. It was supposed he would be the torment of the whole school, master, and scholars, and the master dreaded to take him.

They were all mistaken. No sooner was 'Mandus in his place in his class, than he was the most obedient

and docile of children. He learnt so very fast too, soon getting to the top of his class, and then into a higher class. He was so goodnatured too, so ready to share all he had with his companions, so merry in their plays. All the boys liked 'Mandus.

The schoolmaster was quite pleased to think he had made such a good child out of a naughty one, and the pastor was not less delighted.

At home 'Mandus surprised his family by his feats in reading and spelling, and reciting catechism; they could hardly believe it was their own stupid 'Mandus. But 'Mandus it was, as they too well learnt, for just as mischievous as ever was he.

The pastor and schoolmaster did not know this; they thought the boy, being so clever and so good at school, must have become a better boy at home.

It is the pastor's reward to diligent and obedient children, to take them himself to the houses of their parents, to show them what their children can do. These little excursions take place in school-time, the children are taken five or six together generally, or one or two, as happens, and a pleasant little holiday it is.

One bright sunshiny morning in the month of July, the pastor said, "Well, 'Mandus, you shall go with me to-day, to show father and mother what you can do; so put your books together and we will go."

The books were quickly in order, and away trotted 'Mandus by the side of the pastor to his father's little white-washed farm, standing out of the village among pretty tall green trees, in one of the sweetest little nooks that the bright sun was shining on.

When they came to the door, they found the family sitting as I have described, each at their occupation; Mary mending a very torn pair of trowsers. She arose to receive the pastor: "Ah Mynheer Pastor, how welcome you are. Pray come in, pray sit down. I have been longing to see, and must indeed have come to you to tell you all about 'Mandus. You have brought him to be punished I dare say."

"Punished—oh, no, I am come with him as a reward for his diligence, to let you hear how nicely he can read and answer questions. Sure he is not naughty any more."

"Ah, Mynheer Pastor, oh dear, not naughty, why he is the torment of my life—do but look, Mynheer Pastor. Did'nt I put him on these tidy trowsers this morning ready to go to church, all mended with quite new cloth I bought on purpose at Ackerman's shop yesterday? and before he had had them on an hour, did'nt he climb over an old ragged fence full of nail ends, and tear them almost past mending? Really, I am sure, nobody ever had such a child before. All my spare money, and more than I can spare, goes to buy clothes for that boy."

"'Mandus, 'Mandus," said the Pastor, "this is a sad account; I thought you so obedient and so altered."

"Altered—no, Mynheer Pastor, he is not altered. He minds you, perhaps, but he don't mind me. Only this same morning did he awake long before it was time to get up, and got his two brothers to romp on his bed with him, till they pulled down every bit of hangings that ever there was, and tore the pillow-case open from end to end. Really it is more than one pair of hands can do, to work and mend for my family with such a boy."

"Well, well, this *is* bad news. But I hope it is only rude play, and we must try to make him play more carefully, and at games that will do no one any harm. Eh 'Mandus, you do not wish to vex your mother?"

'Mandus burst out crying and hid his face on the table.

"Vex—he cares nothing about me, he cares for nothing but to do mischief."

"Oh, I hope not so bad," said the Pastor, "I hope he is only thoughtless, and that with a little punishing and teaching he will become a better boy." Mary cried and wiped her eyes with her apron. "Really Mary, you must not grieve yourself so," said the Pastor; "do you know, I quite like 'Mandus."

"Oh, like him, I don't like him, not I. Only look at him now, did you ever see a dirtier boy, Mynheer Pastor? I have an aversion to such a filthy child. Why, you might smell him half a mile off, rolling and stamping as he does in every muddy place about the farmyard. And as to his clothes, if I were not always slaving and mending them, they would all fly away from him in the wind as rags."

"Come here, 'Mandus," said the Pastor; and sitting down on a chair, he told him to kneel down. 'Mandus obeyed, and laid his hand on the Pastor's knee as he knelt before it.

The Pastor took his hand in his, and held it, while he said, "Now ask your mother's pardon."

'Mandus sobbed too much to be able to do this.

"Shall I repeat the words for you, and will you say them in your heart if I do?" asked the Pastor.

'Mandus squeezed the Pastor's hand and nodded assent.

The Pastor then said slowly and solemnly, "I ask of you, my dear Mother, to forgive me. I know I have been very naughty, but I will try to become a better child by God's grace."

Mary looked nearly happy again: "I do not wish to be unkind, Mynheer Pastor; often when he has been sent to bed without his supper, I send one of the girls up to him with a hunch of bread and butter, for I cannot sleep when I know he has had nothing to eat. But what is to be done? I must be angry with him, I must punish him; for what account could I give our Lord Jesus, if I should let him alone, and he should grow up to be a wicked man?"

"Certainly he must be punished, and he shall be punished. We will do all we can to help you in teaching him to become a better boy."

Mary then sat down, and the Pastor talked some time to her and comforted her, and told her what was best to do to make 'Mandus obedient. "And now, Mynheer Pastor, I should like to hear him read and answer your questions. I dare say it is as you say, that he is not so mischievous out of malice. But it is very hard to have to spend so much time and money to repair one child's mischief, while the others must go without so many things they stand in great need of."

'Mandus had remained kneeling at the pastor's knee. He had by this time dried his tears—and the pastor opening the book placed it on his knee, and 'Mandus read still kneeling in token of penitence. He read very nicely. His mother praised his reading very much, and said she could not think how he had learnt so much in so short a time. Then the pastor asked him questions of the Catechism, and then questions about other things useful for children to answer. At every answer he looked proudly round at his mother, as if to see whether she would not be pleased with him for that.

The pastor then talked again to him, and then told him he had intended to take him to his house, to give him some fruit, and to see his flowers and little picture-books, but that now he must wait a little while, till he heard whether he had tried to overcome his fault.

He then left, promising to call again shortly to inquire how 'Mandus went on.

He went on much better, played more quietly, and did much less mischief. Once he forgot himself, and played at dashing a long pole into a muddy pond, till he and his little brothers were covered over with mud, which none of them discovered till their sister came by, and was obliged to take them all in and change their clothes. But his mother was very patient with him; the pastor had explained to her that he was not likely to overcome such bad habits all at once.

In the mean time no boy of his age answered better in the catechism, or learnt faster in the school.

Time went on, and on St. Gregory's day he had a prize.

He played very merrily with the school children all the day, for St. Gregory's day is always a holiday. He never was heard to say a rude word, or do a rude thing all day.

In the afternoon they bowled eggs to choose a king and a queen.

Perhaps some little English children may have never done this, so I will describe how the game is played.

A thick cloth is spread on the floor; around this the children place themselves in circles, one circle beyond the other, each holding an egg in his hand with his name written on it. The pastor or the schoolmaster kneels at one side of the cloth, to see they play right. The game begins by two, who are opposite each other, bowling their eggs across the cloth one against the other. One egg is generally broken. The one whose egg is broken has lost the game. The one whose egg is not broken may keep the egg till all have bowled one, and then may bowl again, so he has a great chance of winning. Two more then bowl, and so on to the end.

Much joking goes on amongst the children, and much laughing and fun, all the time the bowling is going on; and when the game draws near the end, great excitement is caused by the contest between the few whose eggs remain whole.

At length come the last two, and one of these being broken, the owner of the last whole egg is king. His name is shouted by those who are nearest, and the whole school stands up with clapping of hands and "Long live the king, hurrah for the king," till the walls ring again.

A person stands by and puts the eggs, which are generally only cracked, into a pan, and they are given to some one to make use of, as they are not spoiled. Each child brings his own egg, so no one has any great loss. This game, as I said, is played on St. Gregory's day, and our hero, Amandus, was the victor this year.

The next work is to go to the Rectory to fetch the royal dress. This is very pretty. A crown of roses, a gilt sceptre, a crimson sash hanging down on one side with long ends adorned with fringe, and a belt crossing over the right shoulder and under the left arm, formed of bright gold stars.

The king and queen (the queen I forgot to say is the last girl whose egg was unbroken) being dressed, they go in a body to announce the event to the parents of the royal pair. This is often a good distance over the fields, and a merry walk it is.

They enter the king's house with hurrahs, and show him to his astonished parents. Something nice is usually given them to eat, and they then proceed on their way to the house of the queen, where they have the same reception. They are sometimes invited to dine altogether next day at the king's, and the following day to the queen's, when the king's and queen's parents can afford it. They go in procession, preceded by the schoolmaster, bearing banners. Sometimes, too, the prizes they gained on St. Gregory's day are carried on high wands with them, and fastened to the chairs of the prize-owners while they dine.

This year the pastor took them all out with him to spend the afternoon, and a merry afternoon they had. 'Mandus was seated at the head of the table, dressed in his royal dress, and looked as good and as happy as child could look. When they played the pastor took off his royal dress, as he thought he could play more at liberty. He played very merrily, but was not once rude or mischievous.

His mother gives a very good account of him. Instead of thinking of nothing but mischievous play, he stays indoors and rocks the cradle for his youngest sister, that she may go on with her knitting. He takes his slice of bread and butter, and his jug of milk and water, which his mother gives him at four o'clock when he comes in from school, and goes with these, quite alone, into the room where the baby's cradle is, and there stays for an hour or more, in order to help his mother.

We all hope the tears he shed, while kneeling at the pastor's knee, were tears of true contrition; for we see that he is striving to keep the promise he made to God and his mother by the lips of this his holy friend.

And now, my dear little English children, have you learnt any lesson by this short story? Shall I show you one you may learn? It is to watch very carefully against your leading fault, whatever that fault may be. You see how much evil one bad habit brought to little Amandus. It even hid all his good qualities from his mother, and made her think he was a malicious child, who cared not for her. Instead of being happy and caressed, he was always being scolded and punished. Though a child capable of every thing good, he appeared

like a really wicked boy. Had he not been a Catholic child, and had a good priest, whose duty it is to study the characters of all his parishioners, both old and young, in order to guide each according to his disposition, he might have gone on long in this unhappy state, and made every one of his family quite dislike him. Playing rudely is but a little fault, so are many other bad habits of children, yet you see how much harm one little fault can bring you.

Try to find out what is your leading fault. What do father and mother most complain of about you to others or to yourself? For what are you most often punished? This is your leading fault, and it is against this you must most earnestly strive. Against this you must watch. Against this you must pray. Of this you must think in your morning prayers, when you repeat the confession and the act of contrition. Of this you must think when you examine your conscience at night, and recollect how often you have committed this same fault during the day.

Of this you must think when you hear Mass. Of this you must think when you bow your head at the consecration; ask Jesus Christ to help you to overcome it by the merits of his precious death.

TO THE DAISY.

Sweet simple flower, though lost to fame,
And scorn'd by every thoughtless wight;
How proud the orb which gave thy name—
That splendid orb which yields us light!

Surely thou'rt Nature's favour'd flower!
She form'd thy peerless virgin ray,
Then bade thee grace young Spring's new power,
And, with him, hail the God of Day.

The glowing God beheld thee fair,
As brightly glancing from the sky,
And, pleased at Nature's friendly care,
He said, "Henceforth be call'd mine eye."

Now each returning season brings
Thy little silv'ry form to light,
When Nature's fairy finger flings
Her gifts, all teeming with delight!

Why valued less, because not rare
Thy beauty meets the common eye?
The day's blest orb on each his share
Of warmth bestows—on low and high!

Thy modest mien, thy lowly sphere,
Shall to my footsteps sacred be,
And as I view that orb so dear,
Sweet flower! I'll still remember thee.

NIL DESPERANDUM.

It is a duty not to allow yourselves to think of any living man, still less to treat him, as if your hopes of his amendment were utterly gone.—*The Claims of Labour.*

NURSE'S SONG.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Your father herds his sheep:
Your mother shakes the little tree
From which fall pretty dreams on thee;
Sleep, baby, sleep!
Sleep, baby, sleep!

The heavens are white with sheep;
For they are lambs—those stars so bright:
And the moon's the shepherd of the night;
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
And I'll give thee a sheep,
Which, with his golden bell, shall be
A little play-fellow for thee;
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
And bleat not like a sheep;
Or else the shepherd's angry dog
Will come and bite my naughty rogue;
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Go out and herd the sheep;
Go out you black dog, go,
And waken not my baby so;
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sagacity of the Great Northern Bear.—On one occassion, a bear was seen to swim cautiously to a large rough piece of ice, on which two female walrusses were lying asleep with their cubs. The wily animal crept up some hummucks behind the party, and with his fore-feet loosened a large block of ice: this, with the help of his nose and paws, he rolled and carried until immediately over the heads of the sleepers, when he let it fall on one of the old animals, which was instantly killed. The other walrus with its cubs rolled into the water; but the younger one of the stricken female remained by its dam: on this helpless creature the bear now leaped down, and completed the destruction of two, annimals which it would not have ventured to attack openly. * * * The stratagems practised in taking the large seal are not much less admired. These creatures are remarkably timid, and for that reason always lie to bask or sleep on the very edge of the pieces of floating ice, so that on the slightest alarm they can by one roll tumble themselves into their favourite element. They are extremely restless, constantly moving their head from side to side, and sleeping by very short naps. As with all wild creatures, they turn their attention to the direction of the wind, as if expecting danger from that quarter. The bear on seeing his intended prey, gets quietly into the water, and swims until he is leeward of him, from whence, by frequent short dives, he silently makes his approaches, and so arranges his distance, that at the last dive he comes up to the spot where the seal is lying. If the poor animal attempts to escape by rolling into the water he falls into the bear's clutches; if, on the contrary, he lies still, his destroyer makes a powerful spring, kills him on the ice, and devours him at leisure.—*King's Narrative.*

No. 8.

ENTERTAINMENTS ON ITALY AND ITALIAN MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

BETWEEN AN ITALIAN PRIEST AND AN ENGLISH FAMILY.

Oh, yes, said Mrs. Smith, tell us something about the religion of these good people; I think they must be very good indeed.

F. Th.—We must lay it down as a principle that everywhere there are some bad among the good; but speaking of these people in general, I can say that they are very good, very well educated, very religious, and very exact in the performance of their moral and religious duties. They are generally so well instructed in their duties, and so precise in their words, that a missionary has never any need of putting to them any question, either about the Christian doctrine, or about their sins. They explain themselves so well, so precisely, that a divine could not do better. They are so minute in detailing the aggravating circumstances, that they never leave out any necessary one, and at the same time do all this with such propriety, modesty, and brevity that I was very often astonished. Their faults, however, are not commonly very great; for they generally live a very innocent and pious life; so that a parish might be compared to a monastery, where the parish priest is the superior, on whom they depend not only with regard to their eternal but also their temporal concerns: they do nothing of consequence without consulting their pastors. These are very much respected, and with reason, because they are very good. They are poor, and their income does not ordinarily exceed seventy crowns a-year.

Mr. Smith.—How can they live on so small an income?

F. Th.—They live pretty well, considering the cheapness of things. Seventy crowns there are worth almost as much as seventy pounds here.

Mr. Smith.—But they must take care of the church and the poor. How are these things managed?

F. Th.—With regard to the poor, there are very few; or to speak more properly, all in the country are poor; still every one has something to eat, and besides they are so charitable that they support not only the poor of their own parishes, but also of the neighbouring provinces, who come to Lucca to beg, especially in the winter, and carry back to their homes bags full of bread. As for the churches they are kept by the voluntary contributions of the people that resort to them. Every Sunday there is a collection at the Offertory, when every one, who has any thing to give, goes to the rails, when the priest receives the oblations in a dish: these offerings are then put upon the altar, and afterwards laid out in procuring vestments, plate, repairs, &c., also in building more handsome churches, usually raised with great splendour and magnificence. When a new church is to be built, or the old one to be enlarged, the priest proposes the plan to his congregation; and if they approve of it, some persons are appointed to make particular collections at harvest time. Every one gives what he can, and when a good deal of money has been collected, the new building commences. Things are carried on with peace, and executed with magnificence, so that the country is full of very beautiful churches. In every church there are many feasts kept during the year; these festivals are celebrated with imposing solemnity: but the chief thing is to procure a great number of confessors, who may be able to hear the confessions of the parishioners, who all without exception approach the Holy Table on these occasions. All the expenses are defrayed by voluntary contributions. We here have no idea at all of those solemnities: how beautiful! how imposing! how magnificent! especially the procession of the Blessed Sacrament at Corpus Christi. For a week or two beforehand all are busy in preparing the way, the triumphal arches, the chapels, and whatever else may conduce to the splendour of the feast. You might see a country of merriment and devotion: if you looked to their devotion you would take them for monks and nuns; if you looked to their merriment you would say that no country could be more happy than theirs. Still in their merriment there is nothing gross or unbecoming Christian gravity and decorum. Let us now proceed to show how they spend their time on Sundays and holidays. From this account you will be able to form a better idea of their religious feelings. I might say in one word that a Sunday and holiday there are such in the strictest sense of the word, *i. e.* they are days entirely dedicated to God, days spent in holiness. Very early in the morning of Sundays and holidays the bell is tolled and the Angelus is sung; by which sign every one is admonished to repair to church, where almost all go immediately to prepare themselves for the Holy Table, for a great number go to communion every Sunday and holiday. The priests are ready to hear the confessions of as many as they can. To avoid confusion, and to prevent jealous feelings between men and women, the confessional is placed in such a way, that on one side there are but men, and on the other women only.

Mrs. Smith.—Are the men then kept seperate from the women in church?

F. Th.—Yes; and with the greatest possible punctuality and care; men and women can never be mixed there. They are separated not only whilst they are in the church, but also in going and returning: for they are not allowed to enter the church promiscuously, but one door serves for the men, and another for the women. The women occupy the great nave; the men are in the transept and chancel, for every man sings; they are also allowed to be in the choir.

About eight o'clock the first mass is said, during which a sermon of about an hour's length is delivered, and communion is given to those who are prepared. The first mass being finished, some return home to send others to the last mass, which is sung by all the people about half past ten, and ends about noon. At the end of this mass the Angelus is sung again, and then every one goes to dinner. At one o'clock the bell is rung again for vespers, at which every one must assist. The vespers are sung by all the people; for not only the men, but also the women sing some psalms and hymns. After vespers there is catechism for all, which lasts about three quarters of an hour: after the catechism, a lecture of an hour's length, about some point of the scriptures, is delivered from the pulpit, then some prayers are said, for instance the Via crucis, &c., so that vespers ordinarily last three hours. About four o'clock all go out of the church. The men generally go to amuse themselves in some road or other place, and the priest accompanies them either to play with them, or to see that nothing unbecoming be done: they are not allowed to play for more than a farthing at a time. The girls go ordinarily to dance in some fields, but alone without any men. They amuse themselves for about two hours in a very joyful way. At six the bell is rung again, and all repair to church for the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and other devotions suitable to the time. About seven they go home for supper, night prayers, &c. This is the way in which every Sunday and holiday is kept in those countries. Is it not beautiful? Indeed I think the Primitive Christians did not do better. The primitive practices of the church are, I dare say, preserved in their integrity. They have the happiness of having never been disturbed by any heresy or schism; so that what St. Paulinus the first bishop of Lucca, and a disciple of St. Peter, taught there, is preserved in its full integrity. I assure you that I was extremely delighted whilst I remained in that country.

Mrs. Smith.—I believe it; for if it be so great a pleasure to hear of such good religious people, how much greater must it be to see them, and be among them. Now tell us, how do they behave whilst they are in the church? I think they are very warm, and they perhaps cry and groan as some of our Irishmen do, for the Italians are accounted a very warm sort of people.

F. Th.—It is somewhat true that the Italians are in general of warm feelings; still in the principality of Lucca this warmth is by no means so observable as in the kingdom of Naples. Thus in their exterior they are not at all different from our English Catholics. In church they are extremely still, without noise or groaning or any other exterior demonstration. In a church where perhaps a thousand or more are assembled, you would find the same stillness and silence as if nobody was there. To avoid noise they never bring their babies or little children until they are about seven years old. When we preach they listen with the greatest attention, but never give any signs of approbation or disapprobation of what is said. They never weep at least aloud, they never cry, and much more they never laugh; for to do this in the church, according to their opinion, would be a great crime; and if by chance they have not been able to help laughing on hearing some anedote from a preacher, they accuse themselves of it in confession. This practice is not observed in some countries of Italy

where a bad custom prevails for preachers to say something pleasant in their instructions, and to mix ridiculous things and serious together. This bad, very bad taste prevails in many parts of Italy, but thank God it is not found in Tuscany. The females go to church all in white; for the priest does not allow any woman to receive communion in any other dress: and because they go to communion almost every Sunday, the practice of dressing in white has become almost universal. There are many other things to be said about the religion of these people, but I think the hour is pretty late, and I do not wish to be burdensome to you. Some other time we may again return to this point.

BAD VENTILATION OF PLACES OF WORSHIP.

Churches and chapels, though more lofty than schools, are usually less in area, in proportion to the numbers frequenting them; and though in most cases they are occupied for fewer hours in the week, they seldom profit by much pains taken to change the air whilst they are unoccupied. And when, further, the effluvia from vaults and graves have access through the floor, stimulated by hot-air flues, or hot-water pipes, or, it may be, mingled with the smoke of common stoves, and with the addition of gas lighted at the evening service, which is usually the most thronged, then these, the most important of all places of public resort, prove the most injurious to the health of those who resort to them. "In regard to churches," says a medical witness, "many illnesses and deaths proceed from faults of ventilation and warming; from the rush of cold air in one place on those who sit near the doors and windows, and the want of fresh air in other places." And if such be the case with the congregation, in a building often of the most costly character, wherein a trifling expense would permanently secure abundant ventilation, what must be the injury sustained by the preacher in the pulpit? Placed on a height at which his voice acts at a disadvantage, as if on purpose that he may breathe an atmosphere composed of the breath of all who sit beneath him on the floor, he has to exert his lungs to the utmost pitch, whilst they have the worst of air to work with. And the more promising his talents, the more successful his exertions in interesting and edifying a multitude of hearers, so much the sooner is he likely to be consigned to silence, consumption, and the grave. Still more pitiable, if possible, is the lot of Sunday School children, whom modern architects, and committees, and commissioners, are apt to place in the recesses of a lofty roof. Above the vent afforded by the windows, and with rarely any ventilation in the ceiling, they have the foul air of the whole building in a sort of halo round their heads. And there, where they can scarcely see the minister, much less hear him, with perhaps little convenience for sitting, and none for kneeling, and with their attention previously exhausted in school, they are required, under penalty of chastisement, to keep still, and silent, and awake, in an atmosphere, which of itself is quite enough to produce in a grown person, much more in a child, inattention, restlessness, and drowsiness. To say no more of the unhealthiness of a position such as this, I cannot refrain from expressing my apprehension, that there must be hundreds of thousands in the land, who, having had these for their first impressions of Divine service, have hence conceived a deep and lasting aversion to the house of prayer.—*The Unhealthy Condition of Dwellings, &c. by the Rector of Alderley.*

"Ask yourself what progress you have made in charity, and according to the answer of your heart you may estimate the measure of your approach to heaven." *(St. Augustine.)*

"You will never be devout, and one of the interior life, unless you resolve to be silent respecting others, and attentive only to yourself." *(Thomas a Kempis.)*

"Whether to detract, or to hear a detractor be more damnable, I cannot exactly determine." *(St. Bernard.)*

"Even if your neighbour should commit an act that you might condemn, judge him not, but rather excuse the intention, if you cannot the work; think it ignorance; think it involuntary; think it accidental; but if the certainty of the thing should render all dissimulation impossible, say to yourself, it was a vehement temptation; what would have become of me if I had been similarly tried?" *(St. Bonaventure.)*

DECLIVITY OF RIVERS.

A VERY slight declivity suffices to give the running motion to water. Three inches per mile, in a smooth strait channel, gives a velocity of about three miles an hour. The Ganges, which gathers the waters of the Himalaya Mountains, the loftiest in the world is, at 1800 miles from its mouth, only 800 feet above the level of the sea—that is, about twice the height of St. Paul's Church in London (or the height of Arthur's Seat near Edinburgh), and to fall these 800 feet, in its long course, the water requires more than a month. The great river, Magdalena, in South America, running for 1000 miles, between two ridges of the Andes, falls only 500 feet in all that distance. Above the commencement of the thousand miles, it is seen descending in rapids and cataracts from the mountains. The gigantic Rio de la Plata has so gentle a descent to the ocean, that in Paraguay, 1500 miles from its mouth, large ships are seen, which have sailed against the current all the way by the force of the wind alone; that is to say, on the beautifully inclined plane of the stream have been gradually lifted by the soft wind, and even against the current, to an elevation greater than that of our loftiest spires.—*Arnott's Physics.*

MISERIES OF INDOLENCE.

None so little enjoy life, and are such burdens to themselves, as those who have nothing to do—for,

"A want of occupation is not rest—
A mind quite vacant is a mind distress'd."

Such a man is out of God's order; and opposing his obvious design in the faculties he has given him, and the condition in which he has placed him. Nothing, therefore, is promised in the Scriptures to the indolent. Take the indolent, with regard to exertion—What indecision! What delay! What reluctance! What apprehension! The slothful man says, "There is a lion without; I shall be slain in the streets." "The way of the slothful man is as a hedge of thorns: but the way of the righteous is made plain." Take him with regard to health—What sluggishness of circulation! What depression of spirits! What dulness of appetite! What enervation of frame! Take him with regard to temper and enjoyment—Who is pettish and fretful? Who feels wanton and childish cravings? Who is too soft to bear any of the hardships of life? Who broods over every little vexation and inconvenience? Who not only increases real, but conjures up imaginary evils, and gets no sympathy from any one in either? Who feels time wearisome and irksome? Who is devoured by ennui and spleen? Who oppresses others with their company, and their questions, and censorious talk? The active only have the true relish of life. He who knows not what it is to labour, knows not what it is to enjoy. Recreation is only valuable as it unbends us; the idle knows nothing of it. It is exertion that renders rest delightful, and sleep sweet and undisturbed. That the happiness of life depends on the regular prosecution of some laudable purpose, or lawful calling, which engages, helps, and enlivens all our powers, let those bear witness who, after spending years in active usefulness, retire to *enjoy themselves*. Prayer should be always offered up for their servants and wives, and for themselves too. They are a burden to themselves"

JUDGMENT.

'Mid the realms beyond all space
Where God holds his dwelling place;
Past, to come, and present, seeing,
In one perfect now of being;
Hangs concealed from other eye,
The dial of eternity.
Not with Time's great lord, the sun,
Did those wheels begin to run;
When for ever he is dim,
They shall circle, reft of him.
What may we compare to this
Dark and fathomless abyss?
It is like an ocean, save
That wave never urges wave;
Boundless waters, self-supplied,
Living, yet without a tide;
In its fulness of repose
A deep which neither ebbs nor flows,
Somewhere on that dial's plate
God hath fixed an hour of fate,
He alone the time can tell
When it strikes upon the bell;
Not the Son himself hath power
To declare that fated hour;
And upon man's sleepy sight
It stealeth like a thief in night.
There are signs—but none will mark;
Lights—but darkness fits the dark;
Characters which all might spell;
Heralds, its approach to tell.
Ruddy tints at eve forewarn
Brightness with the coming morn;
But when mists the sunset shroud,
Day succeeds with storm and cloud.
It is harvest when the plain
Swells with ripe and bursting grain:
Then the master of the soil
Sends his reapers forth to toil;
Each his sheaf, in separate kinds,
Wheat or tares, collects and binds;
Those to swell the garner'd seed,
These the devouring flame to feed.
Hark! the trumpet! at its sound
Swarms with life the teeming ground;
Earth opens her sepulchral bed,
And the sea gives up its dead.
Every spirit flesh has cumbered
Breaks the trance in which it slumbered;
Suppliant, tyrant, master, slave,
Burst their universal grave;
Sire and son meet side by side,
Matron, maiden, mother, bride;
Those who drew but one short breath,
Those whose years defrauded death;
Humble, lofty, evil, good,
Linked in one vast brotherhood.
Who shall count that countless clan—
All the families of man?
He is there, the first whom God
Summoned from the lifeless clod;
Who, too soon by sin betrayed,
Shame and sorrow on us laid;
Now he springs again from clay,
Shame and sorrow wiped away;
Planting his triumphant tread
On the bruised serpent's head.
He is there, whose living ear
Hath heard the gathering trumpet near;
Who, with quick and unclosed eye,
Hath watched the march of Deity,
And seen the angels who unfurled
The banners of another world.
What is this?—his death or birth?
Stands he now on heaven or earth?
High above, in glittering stations,
Powers are ranged and dominations;
From the fiery-circled wheel,
Chorused alleluias peal;
Voices, thunderings, lightnings, flame,
Jubilee, with loud acclaim,
Blessing, thanks, hosannas, praise,
Hymn the Ancient One of days;
Till the re-echoing depths of sky
Kindle with the symphony.
Legioned seraphs there unfold
Wings of many-coloured gold;
Saints, arrayed in raiment white;
Elders, crowned, and richly dight.
Princedoms, virtues. Oh! the glory
Of that matchless consistory!
And upon the judgment throne,
Who is He that sits alone?
Man—but that his forehead bears
Empire more than mortal shares.
God—but that his tempered eye
Seems touched by our infirmity.
Million millions round him press
Voiceless, powerless, motionless;
Silent as when nature's sleep
Presages the earthquake's sweep.
Now he speaks—but who shall say
What the doom his lips convey?
Ere that sentence meet our ear,
Father, Saviour, Comforter,
Teach us, for such hour of need,
What the ransom we may plead;
Wash us in thy blood of healing,
Stamp us with thy Spirit's sealing;
Thou hast given us life—O, give
More than life—the way to live!

The strong barriers which confined the stores of wisdom have been thrown down, and a flood overspreads the earth. Old establishments are rising, the inferior schools are introducing improved systems of instruction, and good books are rendering every man's fireside a school. From all these causes there is growing up an enlightened public opinion, which quickens and directs the progress of every art and science, and through the medium of a free press, although overlooked by many, is now rapidly becoming the governing influence in all the affairs of man.

It may be said, that disease generally brings that equality which death completes. The distinctions which set one man so far above another, are very little preserved in the gloom of a sick chamber, where it will be in vain to expect entertainment from the gay, or instruction from the wise; where all human glory is obliterated, the wit clouded, the reason perverted, and the hero subdued; where the highest and brightest of mortals find nothing left but consciousness and innocence,

DESCRIPTION OF A MITRE AND CROSIER,

Part of the ancient Pontificalia of the See of Limerick.

BY THE RIGHT REV. JOHN MILNER, D.D., F. A. S.
IN A LETTER TO NICHOLAS CARLISLE, ESQ. SECRETARY.

(Taken from Vol. XVII. of Archaeologia.)

Wolverhampton, March 23, 1809

Sir,– In a tour, which I made last autumn through part of the west of Ireland, I met with certain articles of antiquity, in the possession of a friend of mine at Limerick, which, I am of opinion, the Society will think curious. I shall, therefore, proceed here to give an account of them. They consist of the most important part of the ancient *Pontificalia* of the See of Limerick; namely, of the best or *precious* Mitre, and of what, no doubt, was the best crosier belonging to it; being each of them exquisitely rich and beautiful; as likewise, of the Episcopal Register, from the middle of the twelfth, down to the middle of the fifteenth century. All these articles are in high preservation.

The body of the mitre, both before and behind, consists of thin silver laminæ gilt, and adorned with flowers, composed of an infinite number of small pearls. The borders, and ornamental pannel, or style down the middle, on both sides, is of the same substance, but thicker, being worked into mouldings, vine leaves, &c. and enriched with enchased crystals, pearls, garnets, emeralds, amethysts, and other precious stones, several of which are of a very large size. Near the *Apex*, or point of the Mitre, in front, is the following inscription, disposed in the form of a cross, and covered with a crystal of the same shape: "*Hoc signum crucis erat in cælo.*" In a corresponding situation, on the other side of the mitre, is the continuation of the inscription, under a similar crystal: "*Cum Dominus ad judicandum venerit.*" An authentic record concerning the date, and the original proprietor of this curious piece of antiquity, is beautifully enamelled round the bottom part of it, of which the following is a copy. "*Cornelius O Deagh, Epus Limericensis Anno Domini Millᵉ. CCCCXVIII me fieri fecit.*" The *Redimicula*, or pendant ornaments, to hang down the back of the Bishop, being altogether twenty-one inches long, have, by some accident, been detached from the mitre. These likewise consist, in general, of silver plate, gilt, and ornamented with innumerable small pearls disposed in the form of leaves, and flowers. On the lower part of them are embossed elegant niches, or tabernacles containing figures. One of these represents the angel Gabriel, with the usual label; the other, the Blessed Virgin. They terminate in a rich gold fringe.

The crosier consists of massive silver, gilt, being seven feet long, and of the weight of about ten pounds. The whole exterior part of the curve is surrounded with a wreath of vine leaves, highly finished; and the flat part of the curve, on each side, is ornamented with large pearls elegantly set, to the number of twelve on a side. Within the curve, in the open part, are cast silver figures of the Blessed Virgin seated, with the mystical dove, suspended by a wire over her head; and of the angel Gabriel, in a kneeling attitude. Between the figures is seen the allegorical lily growing out of a ewer. The curve itself is supported by the emblematic figure of a Pelican, with its wings expanded, and feeding its young with its blood. At a suitable distance below the curve, are six female figures under canopies in enamelled work. Amongst these, I distinguished the attributes of St. Bridget of Kildare, St. Catharine, St. Barbara, and St. Margaret. Beneath these, and forming the boss of the crosier, are six elegant cast statues of silver, each of them being two inches and a half high, representing the Blessed Trinity, St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Patrick, St. Munchin, who was the patron saint of Limerick, and the Blessed Virgin. They stand upon corbels, or trusses, in appropriate niches, adorned with spire work in the richest and most elegant style of pointed architecture. Under the boss is a wreath of enamelling, containing the name, title, &c. of the aforesaid Cornelius O'Deagh. The upper part of the shaft is studded with precious stones, and enamelling, containing the monogram of Jesus, IHS, in the characters of the age. The several joints are ornamented with crowns, as the intervening spaces are with engraved flourishing. The whole terminates at the bottom in a sharp iron ferula, agreeably to one of the intended uses of the crosier, as explained by an ancient poet.

"Curva trahit mites, pars pungit acuta rebelles."

Upon the whole, Sir, I cannot think that the crosier of Cornelius O'Deagh is inferior, either in taste and elegance, or in richness, to the celebrated one of his contemporary prelate William of Wykeham, which is kept with so much care at New College, Oxford. But what will appear equally extraordinary with the existence of such monuments of ancient art in Ireland, is the strong presumption which they afford from the name of the artist, that they were executed in that island, at the beginning of the fifteenth century; as the following enamelled inscription is seen in a small compartment on the mitre: "*Thomas O'Carly, Artifex faciem, (faciebam).*"

N. B. The back of the mitre is exhibited to show in what manner the *Vittæ* or infulæ, that is to say, the pendent ornaments are annexed to it. In other respects, the back of the mitre is an exact counterpart of the front, except as to the enamelled inscription. The word lost in the inscription must, from the known date of O'Deagh's Pontificate, have expressed either 400, or 410. The stones, which are all precious stones, are drawn to the size, shape, and colour of the originals. The unequal white substances represent incrustations of pearls. The *infulæ*, or pendent ornaments, are exhibited on the large sheet of the size of the original. They, like the mitre itself, consist of thin silver plate gilt, and ornamented with pearls, &c. except the fringe at the bottom, which is such delicate gold lacework as to

have baffled the art of the draughtsman in his attempt to exhibit it.

The Register, in the possession of my friend, is entitled by Sir James Ware, the famous Irish Antiquary, who cites it in his Antiquities of Ireland, "*Registrum Decani Limericensis.*" The testimony is copied in a manuscript note in the book itself. The register contains, amongst other things, a charter of Donald king of Limerick, to Brictius, bishop of that see in 1194; likewise, a curious inquisition concerning the lands and churches belonging to it, taken soon after the conquest of this part of Ireland by the English, on the oaths of three separate juries, one consisting of twelve Englishmen, another of twelve Irishmen, and the third of twelve Ostmen, or Danes. The last date in the register itself, being that of the indenture of a lease made by the bishop to Robert Fitz-Stephens, is of 1362; but there is annexed to the register, the *Taxa Ordinaria* of the bishop of Limerick, certified to be in the hand-writing of the above mentioned bishop, Cornelius O'Deagh, who, as is gathered from the date of his mitre, presided there in the year 1418. As the above-mentioned ornaments, I mean the mitre and crosier, are so often seen in the statues, bas-reliefs, pictures, and illuminations of former times, perhaps the following short remarks upon them, for ascertaining the personages represented, together with their rank, and the period of their existence, may not be here misplaced.

Eusebius, the celebrated church historian, and friend of Constantine the Great, tells us upon the authority of Polycrates, who lived near the time of the Apostles, that St. John the Evangelist wore a metal plate, like that which the Jewish high priest bore upon his forehead. The same is affirmed of St. James the Apostle, bishop of Jerusalem, by St. Epiphanius. The same Eusebius, as likewise St. Gregory Nazianzen, and the pagan historian Ammianus Marcellinus, describe the bishops of the fourth century, as wearing a sort of crown. It appears from different authorities, that the bishops, of the Latin Church at least, wore some peculiar ornament upon their heads in the succeeding ages; but there is reason to doubt whether this ornament bore any resemblance with the open double pointed mitre, before the ninth or the tenth century. This form, together with its appropriate ornaments, was probably first adopted, and appropriated to themselves, in one or other of those ages by the Roman Pontiffs; as in the eleventh century, we find more than one instance of the Pope's granting a special privilege to certain bishops to wear the *Roman Mitre*, and as in the twelfth century, we read of Innocent II. placing his own mitre on the head of St. Malachy archbishop of Armagh, then upon a visit to Rome, by way of a special favour. Still even the mitres in question at their first invention were very low, being not loftier than from three to six inches, and they continued comparatively low till about the end of the thirteenth century, as we may observe in the figure of St. Nicholas, on the Saxon Font in Winchester cathedral, in the sepulchral statues of the bishops of Old Sarum, since removed to Salisbury cathedral; and in the statues, and other representations of prelates, in general, during the ages in question. During the fourteenth century, the mitres seem to have risen to about the height of a foot. That of William of Wykeham, upon his monument, which is said to have been executed in his lifetime, is ten inches high; the bishop of Limerick's thirteen. It was not till about the sixteenth century that this episcopal ornament attained to its present disproportionate height of a foot and a half.

When the abbots, and other superiors of certain grand religious communities, grew impatient of subjection to the jurisdiction of their ordinary bishops, they eagerly contended for the ensigns of independent authority, namely, for the pontifical ornaments, which were the mitre, the ring, and the sandals. One of the first, if not quite the first mitred abbot we read of was Egelsinus, abbot of St. Augustine's at Canterbury. He being at Rome in the year 1063, obtained of Pope Alexander II. the privilege of wearing the pontifical mitre, ring, and sandals; which privilege is stated to have been granted in honour of the said St. Augustine apostle of England. This abbot, however, being obliged soon after to leave his country and fly into Denmark in order to avoid the indignation of the Norman conquerors, to whom he had, by some means, given particular offence; the privilege in question was suspended till it was renewed by Alexander III. in 1179, at the instance of Abbot Roger. By this time, many other abbots had obtained this mark of dignity, and even regular conventual priors began to solicit it. The frequency of these grants becoming a subject of complaint to the bishops; Clement IV. in the year 1267, made a decree still extant in the canon law, restraining mitred abbots, who were exempt from episcopal jurisdiction, to the use of the *fringed* or second order of mitres on public occasions, and non-exempt abbots and priors to the *simple* or third order of that ornament. I must observe, however, that it would not be safe to depend absolutely on this decree, regarding the quality of the mitre, in pronouncing upon the rank of any personage represented in one; but the other rule concerning the height of the mitre, may be considered as infallible, as to the period in which such person lived. It must also be remarked, that none of the Greek prelates, of whatever rank or country, except the patriarch of Alexandria, ever adopted the Latin mitre. Accordingly they are usually represented bareheaded. This rule, however, does not extend to the Latin prelates of the Greek churches, after the first crusade, nor to the representations of Greek prelates, executed by Latin artists.

The *Crosier*, called by different ancient writers *Baculus, Pastoralis, Ferula, Pedum, Cambuta*, &c. is mentioned as an episcopal ornament in the sacramentary of St. Gregory the Great, who flourished at the end of the sixth century, and by his contemporary St. Isidore of Seville. The use of it, however, is traced much higher, namely, to St. Remigius, who governed that See of Rheims at the end of the fifth

century, and who bequeathed by his will to one of his friends, amongst other things; *Cambutam argenteam figuratam.* Nor does there seem any just reason to doubt of what we are assured by so many writers, that, in the early part of the same century, St. Patrick took with him to Ireland when he went to preach the gospel there, the pastoral staff, which afterwards became so famous under the name of the *Staff of Jesus.* The Irish, who were accused by the peevish Giraldus Cambrensis, of venerating the crosiers of their ancient saints more than the books of the gospel, certainly held this staff of their apostle in such high veneration, that they conceived the possession of it gave a sort of title to the see of Armagh, and the primacy of Ireland. Hence their English conquerors in the twelfth century took special care to convey this important article to Dublin within their own pale. That our Saxon bishops and abbots used the pastoral staff is plain from many circumstances. It had been the custom, long before the reign of Edward the Confessor, for the investiture of episcopal sees and abbeys, to be granted by the delivery of this emblem. Hence, when St. Wulstan, bishop of Worcester, was required by Lanfranc, archbishop of Canterbury, in a synod held at Westminster, to surrender his crosier as a mark of his resigning his see, he went and placed it on the tomb of the said St. Edward, saying, that he would return it to the person from whom he had received it. It is recorded of one of our prelates Ulf, bishop of Dorchester, that being present at the synod of Verceil, held by Leo IX. in 1050, he had great difficulty to prevent *his pastoral staff from being broken,* as he was proved to be ignorant of the duties of a bishop. It was, at one time, the custom to degrade episcopal impostors, by breaking their staffs upon their heads.

The most ancient crosiers appear to have been much shorter than those of succeeding ages. That of St. Severinus, bishop of Cologn, who died in the year 400, served him as a walking stick. That of St. Bernard, the famous abbot of Clairvaux, in the twelfth century, which was preserved till the late Revolution, in the monastery of Afflingham, near Bruxells, was not much longer. Is is, however, to be observed, that this saint was a great enemy to every thing which had the appearance of pomp or magnificence, particularly in monasteries, and was very violent against the use of the mitre by abbots, which began to prevail in his time. It is equally certain that the crosiers were anciently much more simple in their construction than they were latterly. They either resembled a plain shepherd's crook, or, at most, consisted of a volute, like that in an Ionic capital. It is true, however, that these curves, if not the whole staff, were frequently ornamented with ivory, or the precious metals. The length and the form of those in question may be judged of by the above-mentioned bas-reliefs and statues, and by all others of the same dates. Like the mitres, the crosiers grew taller and more ornamented after the twelfth century, till the latter attained to their *ne plus ultra* of magnificence and elegance in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, as those of William of Wykeham and of Cornelius O'Deagh demonstrate. It is agreed that the abbots, and other superiors of monasteries, did not borrow the use of the pastoral staff, like that of the mitre, from the bishops, but that they were in the possession of it in every age since the institution of their profession, and in every country; this being the chief ensign of their pastoral office, and the mark of their power. Though there was no law to restrain them from vieing with the bishops in the magnificence of their crosiers, (as was the case with respect to their mitres), yet there was a rule which required them to hang a *sudarium,* or veil, to their staffs, by way of token that their authority was of a secret and subordinate nature. This token, however, was generally laid aside by the abbots of exempt abbeys; but it is always seen attached to the crosiers of abbesses, from which it hangs floating like an ornamented flag. Another distinction between the crosiers of the bishops and monastic superiors, which, I presume, is observed by artists in general, regards the manner of holding them. The bishop is directed to turn the crook of his crosier as he holds it in his left hand forward toward the people, to signify that his jurisdiction extends over them; whereas the abbot ought to turn his *backward,* towards himself, to indicate that his authority only regards himself and his private community. Few antiquaries are supposed to be ignorant that the pastoral staff of an archbishop is not a hooked crosier, but a processional cross. A patriarch, or primate, has two transverse bars upon it; the Pope has three. The carrying of such a cross before a metropolitan in any place, was a mark that he claimed jurisdiction there. Hence, when Geoffry Plantagenet, archbishop of York, and brother of Richard I. found that he could not be allowed to have his pastoral cross carried before him at the second solemn coronation of that monarch, which took place in 1194, at Winchester, in the province of Canterbury, he became indignant, and refused to assist at the ceremony. I have only to add, that both the mitre and the crosier appear upon the monuments of many modern bishops of the established church since the Reformation, and, among others, upon that of Bishop Hoadly, in Winchester Cathedral, and that real mitres and crosiers of gilt metal are suspended over the remains of Bishop Morley, who died in 1684; and of Bishop Mews, who died in 1706. I must not, however, forget what I have learnt from the present Earl Marshal, that the mitre, which at the present day, is barely seen on the carriages of English and Irish bishops, is actually worn by them in the ceremony of a coronation, at which they assist.

JOHN MILNER, D. D.

FACTION is the excess and the abuse of party—it begins when the first idea of private interest, preferred to public good, gets footing in the heart. It is always dangerous, yet always contemptible: and in vain would the men who engage in it hide their designs—their secret prayer is, "Havoc, do thy worst."

WHILE we are reasoning concerning life, life is gone; and death, though perhaps they receive him indifferently, yet treats alike the peasant and the philosopher.

THE HURRICANE IN BARBADOS IN 1831.

THE only thing remarkable in the weather for July, 1831, in Barbados, was the unusual quantity of rain; it, indeed, is said to have rained almost incessantly. The trade-winds, however, blew moderately and steadily from the proper quarter, and the atmospheric temperature was uncommonly uniform; the maximum is noted at 86°, and the minimum at 79°.

Towards the end of the month thunder and lightning were of frequent occurrence, and electric clouds hung over the island. In Bridgetown, the 1st of August commenced fine, with light breezes from the north-east, but by nine A.M. the weather had changed, the wind blew strongly, and the remainder of the day was wet and cloudy, and in some parts of the island the thunder was very severe, particularly in the neighbourhood of Chalky Mount, in the district of Scotland, where the lightning shattered a small house, killed a white child, and wounded the mother.

On the tenth morning of the month, it was remarked that the sun rose without a cloud, and shone resplendently through an atmosphere of the most translucent brightness; at six A.M. the thermometer stood at 80°, at eight it rose to 85°, and at ten to 86°; at which hour the gentle morning breeze, which had, up to that moment, fanned the country, died away; occasionally, after this, high winds sprang up from the east-north-east, but soon subsided. Calms generally prevailed with puffs from between the north and north-east points of the compass. At noon the mercury stood at 87°, and at 2 P.M. 88°; at four it had sunk to 86°. At five, the writer from whom this account is taken was in the country, about a mile and a half to the northward of Bridgetown. He remarked that the clouds were gathering very fast from the north, and the wind commenced blowing strong from the same point. A shower of rain fell at this time, after which there was a remarkable stillness, which was made more impressive by the dismal darkness of the clouds on the horizon all around. This dark impenetrable body of cloud extended up towards the zenith, leaving there an obscure circle of light apparently about 35° or 40° of the celestial concave in diameter. This dismal circle remained at rest a few seconds only, when the scud of it was seen to be in a state of ebullition. The dense mass of cloud all around, was also agitated and separating; bodies of it were dispersed to all points of the compass. From six to seven P.M. the weather was fair and the wind moderate, with only occasional slight puffs from the north; the lower and principal stratum of clouds passing fleetly to the south, while the higher strata and scud seemed driven with almost equal rapidity to every point of the compass.

After seven o'clock the sky was clear, and the air calm, and this continued till after nine, when the wind began again to blow from the north. At half-past nine it freshened, and showers of rain fell at intervals, up to half-past ten o'clock. About this period distant lightning was observed in the north-east and north-west, and squalls of wind, with rain, came from the north-north-east, which continued, with intermediate calms, till midnight.

The thermometer during the whole of the evening had varied with remarkable activity; during the calm it stood at 86°, but at other moments it fluctuated from 83° to 85°. After midnight the continual flashing of the lightning was awfully grand, and a gale blew fiercely from between the north and the north-east.

At one A.M. of the 11th, the tempestuous rage of the wind increased. The storm, which at this moment came from the north-east, suddenly shifted to the north-west. The upper regions of the air were from this time illuminated by incessant lightning, but the quivering sheet of blazing fire was far surpassed in brilliancy by the darts of the electric fluid which were exploded in every direction. It was, however, at a little after two o'clock A.M. that the astounding roar of the hurricane rushed from the north-north-west, and north-west, with a horror and impetuosity that no language can describe, or mind conceive. Some of my friends who heard it, compared it to the agonizing shrieks of millions of human beings in the last agony of despair; and said that there was something most heart-rending and most piercing in the wail or scream, which never ceased. About three, the wind occasionally abated, but only to return in gusts from the south-west, the west, and the north-west, with accumulated fury. Fiery meteors were observed by more than one person to fall from the heavens, and one friend told me, he saw one in particular, of a globular form and deep-red hue, descend perpendicularly from a great height, and he remarked that it fell evidently by its own specific gravity. On approaching the earth its motion was accelerated, and it became of a dazzling whiteness, and elongated in form; and, dashing on the ground in one of the paved squares of the town, it splashed around in the same manner as melted lead would have done, if thrown out of the furnace, and was instantly extinct, though the brilliancy and spattering of its particles, when it reached the earth, gave it the appearance rather of a globe of quicksilver.

A few minutes after the appearance of this phenomenon, the deafening noise of the wind sank into a solemn murmur, or, more correctly, it resembled a distant roar, and lightning, which since midnight had played in flashes and forked darts with scarcely any intermission, seemed for half a minute to hover between the clouds and the earth, moving frightfully, and with a novel and surprising action. There seemed a vast body of vapour almost touching the houses, which apparently caught fire from the clouds, and conveyed it, flaming, downwards, while another thousand torches were lighted from the earth, and mounted to the sky.

While this strange phenomenon continued, the earth was felt to vibrate, in a manner and in time answering with the action of the lightning. Twice, or more, when the coruscations were more brilliant and severe, but less rapid in their motions, the earth received corresponding shocks. The moment this singular alternation of the lightning passing to and from the earth ceased, the hurricane again burst from the western points with a violence exceeding all that had as yet been experienced, and hurling before it the fragments of every unsheltered structure of human industry. The strongest buildings were found to vibrate to the very foundation, and the surface of the very earth trembled as the destroyer passed over it. No thunder was at any time heard, and, as every one concurred in reporting, had the cannon of a million of batteries been discharged, their sound could not have been distinguished, so overpowering were the horrible roar and yelling of the wind, and the noise of the tumultuous ocean, whose frightful waves threatened to sweep into the abyss all that the other elements might spare. Such, indeed, was the appalling scene, that the heart sank in despair, and the mind became altogether bewildered, and with many, their reason for a time was shaken from her throne.

I have heard many of my friends declare that they felt it quite impossible to give any expression of the sensations which then distracted, confounded, and in a manner benumbed, all their faculties. The sight and the hearing were overpowered, and the excess of horror refused admission to fear. One friend told me that, when his senses in some measure returned, he found himself standing up against the wall of the room in which he was sleeping when the hurricane commenced. The roof had been removed from the house, and every article from the room, except some fragments of the wall that had been blown down: how he had escaped destruction he knew not.

The unparalleled fury of the tempest continued without any interruption till four o'clock. It blew from the west and southward of west, and was attended with what was considered the dashing of heavy rain, but, from what many have told me, that this rain was quite salt, I am inclined to think it was the waves of the sea carried inland by the force of the wind. After five o'clock the storm now and then abated, during which lulls, the falling of substances which had apparently been carried high into the air—the shrieks of suffering victims—the cries of the terrified inhabitants—and the mournful howling of the dogs, were all distinctly heard, and awakened in the mind of the listener a fearful apprehension of the scenes of death and misery with which he was surrounded. At about half-past five the wind suddenly moved round to the east, and though it may be said that the hurricane still raged (sometimes verging to the south) until seven o'clock, it was not with that force which had been previously experienced.

At eight o'clock strong breezes blew from the east-south-east, and about that hour the dense body of cloud that hovered over the island began to break up, and at ten A.M. the sun looked down for a few moments upon a scene of wretchedness and misery more sickening to the human heart than any, perhaps, that was witnessed. The humble cot, and the most costly mansion, had alike been hurled to destruction. Parents beheld their children, and children their parents, husbands their wives, and wives their husbands, buried in the ruins, or strewed around them, disfigured corpses; others, with fractured limbs, and dreadful mutilations, were still alive, and many of them rescued from under the fallen buildings; and it was dreadful to hear their heart-piercing cries of agony. Many streets in the town were totally impassable, from the houses having been lifted up from their foundations, and thrown in one mass of ruins into the roads. Masses of rubbish, broken furniture, ships' spars, packages of merchandise, huge blocks of mahogany, seemed to be washed up, and carried by the wind or the tide to great distances, so as completely to block up the streets and highways.

The whole face of the country was laid waste, scarcely any sign of vegetation existed, and what did remain was of a sickly green. The surface of the earth appeared as if fire had passed over it, scorching and burning up everything. The few trees that were still standing were stripped of their boughs and foliage, and appeared as withered trunks.

The garrison of St. Ann's, which is about two miles distant from Bridgetown, and considered the head-quarters of our West India force, presented a far more deplorable appearance than did the citadel of Antwerp after all the battering which the French could bestow upon it. An officer of the commissariat, his three children, with a female relative, and two servants, were buried in the ruins of their habitation, and perished. The number of non-commissioned officers and soldiers, and of women and children, that were killed, was only forty-three; but about three hundred, including all classes, were very seriously hurt. The total number of persons killed in the island, or who died of their wounds, was about 2500, and the number of wounded exceeded 5000, while the amount of property destroyed was estimated at nearly two millions and a half, island currency. Many extraordinary circumstances, and most extraordinary escapes, are recorded—none certainly more extraordinary than that related to me by my late excellent friend Colonel Diggens, then barrack-master at St. Ann's.

A mother, a daughter, a female slave, and a child of two years of age, were living together in a cottage near his garden-wall. When the hurricane was at its height, they heard the roof of their cottage going off, and immediately rushed to the door for safety, the daughter carrying the child. At the same instant the door was blown from its hinges and fell down, and, in the horror of the moment, the young lady dropped or lost the child, and during the night it was no more heard of. Next morning, the mother and daughter were found alive, in an open space of ground near the ruins of their cottage, and conveyed to the residence of Colonel Diggens. The person who had discovered these females, and had conveyed them to a place of shelter, then went to assist the Colonel in extricating his horses from the ruins of their stable; while so employed they heard the cry of an infant, and, upon examining around, discovered at a little distance from them a child about two and a half years old, perfectly naked, and black with cold. This was the child which had been lost, when the mother and daughter had made their escape from their cottage. A wall, nine feet high, divided that cottage from the garden of Colonel Diggens, and the conjecture was, that the child had fallen from the arms of the young lady, and dropped upon the outer door of the cottage, which had just then blown down, and that, by some strange swirl of the wind, this door had been lifted up with the child upon it, carried over the nine-feet wall, and deposited in the Colonel's garden, where both it and the child were now found.

I have often seen the hero of this adventure, who was from that moment adopted by the kind-hearted Colonel. Many persons, I was assured, in their endeavours to escape into the open streets, were cut in two by the shingles blown from the roofs of the houses; and I myself saw, at the residence of the Venerable Archdeacon Eliot, a branch of a tree through which a fragment of a shingle had passed, and which had been retained in its position by a large nail that went across the fissure. If we consider the yielding nature of the branch, and the blunt edge of the shingle, we shall be able to form some idea of the force which could propel it through so hard a substance, so as to split the branch as if a wedge had been driven through it.

At the residence of Thomas G. B. Bushy, Esq., a piece of soft deal was driven into the branch of a fustic-tree: it was believed that this deal had been blown from the naval hospital, a distance of one third of a mile. It was a soft fir deal, and the branch through which it had penetrated is one of the species called iron-wood, and with which, for hardness, no European wood can be compared.

To those who were exposed in the open fields, the heavens often appeared as all on fire, with balls of fire flying in all directions, and bursting exactly like shells from a mortar. A piece of lead, weighing about 150 pounds, was carried more than 600 yards; and one weighing 400 pounds, was lifted by the wind and carried to a distance of 560 yards. I mention these striking facts which were fully ascertained, to show the force and strength of the hurricane. There are several instances recorded, of children having been blown from the arms of those who were endeavouring to escape with them, and who were afterwards found alive, and recovered. At Mount Wilton, a negro woman had her head severed from her body by a slate which had been carried from the roof of a dwelling-house at Bloomsbury, nearly a mile from where she stood. I might mention a thousand other accidents and hair-breadth escapes, but I believe I have said enough to give the reader a tolerable idea of the awful nature of this visitation, and the ruin and misery which it entailed upon Barbados, to which island its fury was chiefly confined. The only other island to which it extended, with any great degree of violence, was St. Vincent's, where property to the amount of more than £160,000 was destroyed.

ON HUMILITY.

Sweet flower! Humility! of growth divine,
Shed forth thy fragance o'er this heart of mine;
Thy root was fix'd in Olives' hallow'd ground,
With lowly self-abasement fenced around,
Thy stem was nourish'd by our Saviour's fears,
Thy leaves expanded with His sighs and tears,
Thy blossom cherished in His sacred breast;
Below'd of Jesus! in my bosom rest,
Unprais'd, unseen, one self complacent thought
Will make thy tender beauties fall to nought.

M. E. T. W.

MANILLA,—THE ORAZION, OR ANGELUS.

A Prussian naturalist, who has lately returned from exploring the New World, mentions the prevalence of a singular religious practice in that quarter, in a letter to a friend at Berlin. "In Manilla, too, I found more ecclesiastics than soldiers. When the bell rings to prayers at sunset, a silence, as if one general stroke of palsy had smitten human kind, instantly ensues; every-one uncovers his head, and, in the interior of the country, the Tagals fall upon their knees, turn their faces towards their places of worship, and raising their voices pour out their souls in prayer to the Divinity. This done they jump up, and each wishes his neighbour good night in his own dialect. If they have a stranger guest under their roof (and they always place their best apartment at his disposal), they pay him a visit and, kneeling down, wish him a hearty good-night. When quartered on the haciendas (or farms) of the richer class of Spaniards, I have seen an almost innumerable throng of servants and labourers run towards their master, and kneeling down, kiss his hands, simultaneously ejaculating, "*Buenas noches, Senora!*" This is their invariable practice, and they are expected to adhere rigidly to it. There is something very reverential in the universal deference paid to the "Orazion" among the people of Spanish descent. Not only amidst the tumultuous scenes of common life, and in places of the greatest public resort, in every town in South America, but at the back of the Cordilleras, where the human race inhabit regions far above the elevation of the clouds under our own sky; beneath the burning sun of the Brazils, no less than among the remote islands of the Chinese seas, we have never failed to be overtaken, if I may be allowed the expression, by the "Oration Bell." At every corner your ear is saluted with cries of "*Orazion! Orazion!*" Men stand suddenly still, as if nailed to the spot, and no sound but that of the melodious bell from some distant steeple breaks the instantaneous silence. On one occasion we saw two Spaniards for a length of time interchanging all sorts of civilities; and as we passed them, heard them repeating over and over again, "*Digame usted! Digame usted!*" ("Tell me good Sir! Pray tell me!") Upon inquiring into the cause of this strange game at words, I was informed that it arose out of the polite reluctance which each of them felt to wish his friend good-night!"

Secrets of Comfort.—Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pain, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very great ones, alas! are let on long leases.—*Sharpe's Essays.*

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